

*Helens cheekes, but not his heart,  
Cleopatra's Maieftie:  
Attalanta's better part,  
sad Lucrecia's Modestie.  
Thus Rosalinde of manie parts,  
by Heauenly Synode was deuic'd,  
Of manie faces, eyes, and heartes,  
to haue the touches deereft pris'd.  
Heauen would that these gifts should haue,  
and I to line and die her slave.*

*Ref.* O most gentle Iupiter, what tedious homilie of Loue haue you wearied your parishioners withall, and neuer cri'de, haue patience good people.

*Cel.* How now backe friends: Shepheard, go off a little: go with him firrah.

*Clo.* Come Shepheard, let vs make an honorable retreat, though not with bagge and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage. *Exit.*

*Cel.* Didst thou heare these verses?

*Ref.* O yes, I heard them all, and more too, for some of them had in them more feete then the Veries would beare.

*Cel.* That's no matter: the feet might beare 5 verses.  
*Ref.* I, but the feet were lame, and could not beare themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

*Cel.* But didst thou heare without wondering, how thy name should be hang'd and carued vpon these trees?

*Ref.* I was feuen of the nine daies out of the wonder, before you came: for looke heere what I found on a Palme tree; I was neuer so berim'd since *Pythagoras* time that I was an Irish Rat, which I can hardly remember.

*Cel.* Tro you, who hath done this?

*Ref.* Is it a man?

*Cel.* And a chaine that you once wore about his neck: change you colour?

*Ref.* I pre'thee who?

*Cel.* O Lord, Lord, it is a hard matter for friends to meete; but Mountaines may be remoou'd with Earth- quakes, and so encounter.

*Ref.* Nay, but who is it?

*Cel.* Is it possible?

*Ref.* Nay, I pre'thee now, with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

*Cel.* O wonderfull, wonderfull, and most wonderfull wonderfull, and yet againe wonderful, and after that out of all hooping.

*Ref.* Good my complexion, dost thou think though I am caparison'd like a man, I haue a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more, is a South-sea of discoverie. I pre'thee tell me, who is it quickly, and speake apace: I would thou couldst stammer, that thou might'st powre this conceal'd man out of thy mouth, as Wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle: either too much at once, or none at all. I pre'thee take the Corke out of thy mouth, that I may drinke thy tydings.

*Cel.* So you may put a man in your belly.

*Ref.* Is he of Gods making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat? Or his chin worth a beard?

*Cel.* Nay, he hath but a little beard.

*Ref.* Why God will send more, if the man will be thankful: let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

*Cel.* It is yong *Orlando*, that tript vp the Wrestlers heeles, and your heart, both in an instant.

*Ref.* Nay, but the diuell take mocking: speake sadde brow, and true maid.

*Cel.* I faith (Coz) tis he.

*Ref.* Orlando?

*Cel.* Orlando.

*Ref.* Alas the day, what shall I do with my doublet & hose? What did he when thou saw'st him? What sayde he? How look'd he? Wherein went he? What makes hee heere? Did he aske for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? And when shalt thou see him againe? Answer me in one vvord.

*Cel.* You must borrow me *Gargantuas* mouth first: tis a Word too great for any mouth of this Ages size, to say I and no, to these particulars, is more then to answer in a Catechisme.

*Ref.* But doth he know that I am in this Forrest, and in mans apparrell? Looks he as freshly, as he did the day he Wraisted?

*Cel.* It is as easie to count *Atomies* as to resolute the propositions of a Louer: but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good obseruance. I found him vnder a tree like a drop'd *Acorne*.

*Ref.* It may vvel be call'd Loues tree, when it droppes forth fruite.

*Cel.* Giue me audience, good Madam.

*Ref.* Proceed.

*Cel.* There lay hee stretch'd along like a Wounded knight.

*Ref.* Though it be pittie to see such a sight, it vvel becomes the ground.

*Cel.* Cry holla, to the tongue, I pre'thee: it curuettes vnseasonably. He was furnish'd like a Hunter.

*Ref.* O ominous, he comes to kill my Hart.

*Cel.* I would sing my song without a burthen, thou bring'st me out of tune.

*Ref.* Do you not know I am a woman, when I thinke, I must speake: sweet, say on.

*Enter Orlando & Iaques.*

*Cel.* You bring me out. Soft, comes he not heere?

*Ref.* 'Tis he, flinke by, and note him.

*Iaq.* I thank you for your company, but good faith I had as lief haue beene my selfe alone.

*Orl.* And so had I: but yet for fashion sake

I thank you too, for your societie.

*Iaq.* God buy you, let's meet as little as we can.

*Orl.* I do desire we may be better strangers.

*Iaq.* I pray you marre no more trees vvith Writing Loue-songs in their barkes.

*Orl.* I pray you marre no more of my verses with reading them ill-fauouredly.

*Iaq.* *Rosalinde* is your loues name? *Orl.* Yes, Iust.

*Iaq.* I do not like her name.

*Orl.* There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christen'd.

*Iaq.* What stature is she of?

*Orl.* Iust as high as my heart.

*Iaq.* You are full of pretty answers: haue you not bin acquainted with goldsmiths wiues, & cond the out of fringes?

*Orl.* Not so: but I answer you right painted cloaths, from whence you haue studied your questions.

*Iaq.* You haue a nimble wit; I thinke 'twas made of *Attalanta's* heeles. Will you sitte downe with me, and wee two, will raille against our Mistris the world, and all our miserie.

*Orl.* I will chide no breather in the world but my selfe against

against whom I know most faults.

*Iaq.* The worst fault you haue, is to be in loue.

*Orl.* 'Tis a fault I will not change, for your best vertue: I am wearie of you.

*Iaq.* By my troth, I was seeking for a Foole, when I found you.

*Orl.* He is drown'd in the brooke, looke but in, and you shall see him.

*Iaq.* There I shal see mine owne figure.

*Orl.* Which I take to be either a foole, or a Cipher.

*Iaq.* Ile tartie no longer with you, farewell good signior Loue.

*Orl.* I am glad of your departure: Adieu good Monsieur Melancholly.

*Ref.* I wil speake to him like a sawcie Lacky, and vnder that habit play the knaue with him, do you hear For-

*Iaq.* Verie wel, what would you? (rester.

*Ref.* I pray you, what i't a clocke?

*Orl.* You should aske me what time o'day: there's no clocke in the Forrest.

*Ref.* Then there is no true Louer in the Forrest, else fighting euerie minute, and groaning euerie houre wold detect the lazie foot of time, as wel as a clocke.

*Orl.* And why not the swift foote of time? Had not that bin as proper?

*Ref.* By no means sir: Time trauels in diuers paces, with diuers persons: Ile tel you who Time ambles withall, who Time trots withall, who Time gallops withall, and who he stands stil withall.

*Orl.* I pre'thee, who doth he trot withall?

*Ref.* Marry he trots hard with a yong maid, between the contract of her marriage, and the day it is solemniz'd: if the interim be but a fennight, Times pace is so hard, that it seemes the length of seuen yeare.

*Orl.* Who ambles Time withall?

*Ref.* With a Priest that lacks Latine, and a rich man that hath not the Gowt: for the one sleepe easily because he cannot study, and the other liues merrily, because he feels no paine: the one lacking the burthen of leane and wasteful Learning; the other knowing no burthen of heauie tedious penurie. These Time ambles withall.

*Orl.* Who doth he gallop withall?

*Ref.* With a theefe to the gallows: for though hee go as softly as foot can fall, he thinkes himselfe too soon there.

*Orl.* Who staies it stil withall?

*Ref.* With Lawyers in the vacation: for they sleepe betweene Terme and Terme, and then they perceiue not how time moues.

*Orl.* Where dwel you prettie youth?

*Ref.* With this Shepheardesse my sister: heere in the skirts of the Forrest, like fringe vpon a petticoat.

*Orl.* Are you native of this place?

*Ref.* As the Conie that you see dwell where shee is kindled.

*Orl.* Your accent is something finer, then you could purchase in so remoued a dwelling.

*Ref.* I haue bin told so of many: but indeed, an olde religious Vnkle of mine taught me to speake, who was in his youth an inland man, one that knew Courtship too well: for there he fel in loue, I haue heard him read many Lectors against it, and I thanke God, I am not a Woman to be touch'd with so many giddie offences: as hee hath generally tax'd their whole sex withall.

*Orl.* Can you remember any of the principall euils,

that he laid to the charge of women?

*Ref.* There were none principal, they were all like one another, as halfe pence are, euerie one fault seeming monstrous, til his fellow-fault came to match it.

*Orl.* I pre'thee recount some of them.

*Ref.* No: I wil not cast away my physick, but on those that are sicke. There is a man haunts the Forrest, that abuses our yong plants with caruing *Rosalinde* on their barkes; hangs Oades vpon Hawthornes, and Elegies on brambles; all (forsooth) defying the name of *Rosalinde*. If I could meet that Fancie-monger, I would giue him some good counsell, for he seemes to haue the Quotidian of Loue vpon him.

*Orl.* I am he that is so Loue-shak'd, I pray you tel me your remedie.

*Ref.* There is none of my Vnckles markes vpon you: he taught me how to know a man in loue: in which cage of rushes, I am sure you art not prisoner.

*Orl.* What were his markes?

*Ref.* A leane cheek, which you haue not: a blew eie and sunken, which you haue not: an vnquestionable spirit, which you haue not: a beard neglected, which you haue not; (but I pardon you for that, for simply your hauing in beard, is a yonger brothers reuennue) then your hose should be vngarter'd, your bonnet vnbande'd, your sleeue vnbutton'd, your shoe vnti'de, and euerie thing about you, demonstrating a carelesse desolation: but you are no such man; you are rather point device in your accoutrements, as fousing your selfe, then seeming the Louer of any other. (I Loue.

*Orl.* Faire youth, I would I could make thee beleue

*Ref.* Me beleue it? You may asoone make her that you Loue beleue it, which I warrant she is apter to do, then to confesse she do's: that is one of the points, in the which women stil giue the lie to their consciences. But in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the Trees, wherein *Rosalind* is so admired?

*Orl.* I sweare to thee youth, by the white hand of *Rosalind*, I am that he, that vnfortunate he.

*Ref.* But are you so much in loue, as your rimes speak?

*Orl.* Neither rime nor reason can expresse how much.

*Ref.* Loue is meere madnesse, and I tel you, deserves as wel a darke house, and a whip, as madmen do; and the reason why they are not so punish'd and cured, is that the Lunacie is so ordinarie, that the whippers are in loue too: yet I professe curing it by counsell.

*Orl.* Did you euer cure any?

*Ref.* Yes one, and in this manner. Hee was to imagine me his Loue, his Mistris: and I set him euerie day to woe me. At which time would I, being but a moonish youth, greeue, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking, proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of teares, full of smiles; for euerie passion something, and for no passion truly any thing, as boyes and women are for the most part, cattle of this colour: would now like him, now loath him: then entertaine him, then forswear him: now weepe for him, then spit at him; that I draue my Sutor from his mad humor of loue, to a liuing humor of madnes, & was to forswear the full stream of world, and to liue in a nooke meere Monastick: and thus I cur'd him, and this way will I take vpon mee to wash your Litter as cleane as a sound sheeps heart, that there shal not be one spot of Loue in't.

*Orl.* I would not be cured, youth.

*Ref.* I would cure you, if you would but call me *Rosalind*, and come euerie day to my Coat, and woe me.

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Orl.